

Age 2
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THE
Leaden - Age.
A
POEM.

By the Author of the *Golden Age*.

— — — — — *De duro est ultima Plumbo,
Protenus erumpit vena Pejoris in Ævum
Omne Nefas* — — — — —

Ovid. Met. Lib. I.

Printed, and Sold by the Booksellers of London and
Westminster. MDCCCV.

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P.O.E.M.

By the Author of the "Leadon Age."

London: Printed and Sold by the Bookellers of London and Westminster, MDCCC.

Overlaid 1841.

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The P R E F A C E.

Least the Author of the following Lines should be Misinterpreted for no well-wisher to the Present Government, he thinks it Necessary to Premise, that his Good Wishes for the Prosperity of the Church and State, has been the Only Occasion of this Publication. That he calls it the Leaden Age, by way of Antithesis to the Golden, not but he is very Ready to own, that several Persons who are therein Represented, are the very Reverse of Dullness, and Stupidity, and would be as Eminent in their Examples as they are in their Stations, were they as good Christians as Politicians. If he has fall'n short in the Characters of those Worthy Patriots, whom he has Endeavour'd to pay his utmost Defe-
rence to, the Reader must attribute it to the
vast Disproportion between him and the Incom-
parable

The PREFACE.

parable Subject ; and if he be thought to Treat others with too little Respect, he has this to say for himself, he has abstracted the Characters from the Persons, and has no Ill Will to them, but their Vices. To Conclude, tho' the Versification may fall short of the Beauties that ought to be seen in Things of this Nature, the Design is without Exception, since it is meant to Expose Abuses that have crept into the Administration, whether Ecclesiastical or Civil, and upon that Account the Author doubts not to stand excus'd among such as are Zealous for the Government and Church Establish'd. Some People may indeed Cavil at the Title, and call it Improper at a Time when we hear of nothing but Victories by Sea and Land ; But he is satisfy'd, were the Times much Better than they are, there would be still Room for such Cursory Observations, and that Mismanagements are of the same Complexion in all Ages.

THE

As those Establish a declining Reign,
 And their Allert young Affairs Right to Spain:

But what avails it Victory's are won,
 If for Another's Profit, For Gain;

If We from Land, from Shore to Shore must roam

Leaden Age, &c.

How ill we Merit any Good from Thee,
Sicilian Muse, from Lofly Flights descend,
 All do not love a Song sublimely Pen'd,
 Or if all should, ha'ft thou enough in Store,
 To fatisfie the Times with *Golden Oar*:
 The Prospect of those Happy days is fled,
 Succeeded by a *Lumpish Age of Lead*.

Fame, 'tis confess'd, abroad our *Armies* Greets,
 And Conquest Smiles, and Courts our Spreading *Fleets*,
 As

As those Establish a declining Reign,
And these Assert young *Austria's* Right to *Spain*:

But what avails it Victory's are won,
If for Another's Profit, not our Own;
If We from Land, from Shore to Shore must roam:
Without a *M—lbo—gh* or *R—k* at Home.

O Genius of this *Ist*, Look down and see,
How ill we Merit any Good from Thee,
How we deserve o'er *Europe* to preside,
Or govern at the Helm, that *France* would Guide,
If *Faction's* suffer'd to direct the State,
And to Perplex the Springs of *Albion's* Fate.

Ne're be it said, we for *Religion* Fight,
Are Tax'd, to do God's holy Worship Right,
If when the *Whore of Babylon* is Aw'd,
We wink at the Intrigues of *Calvin's* Bawd,

Or

Or tamely Sit while his Detested Brood
 Eat up *Eusebia's* Patrimonial Food,
 And stand Possess'd of Dignity and Place,
 Ne'er meant to be bestow'd on such a Race.

The Best of Reigns, the best of Statesmen claims,
 Of Venerable Worth and Spotless Fames,
 Such as is *R—ch—ster*, whose Faith has stood,
 Disdaining private Ends for Publick Good;
 In Post the very Basis of the Throne,
 And Eager to Assist it when in None;
 In all Reigns rail'd at, yet in all Reigns firm,
 Immoveably Sedate in Ev'ry Storm,
 Whether Impeaching Senates wrong'd his Zeal,
 Or Scandal stabb'd him with its Pen of Steel;

Ne'er wrought on by Delusion or Pretence;
 His Actions the Result of Labour'd Sense,
 True to his God, his Country, and his Prince;
 Tho' now Remoy'd for Reasons yet untold,
 He prays that *Heav'n* would guide the Reins which he
 Should hold.

A Court, like *Anna's* Palace, shou'd be fill'd,
 With Men in Probity, and Knowledge Skill'd;
 The *Christian* with the *Statesman* should Combine,
 To make it with its proper Lustre shine,
 Under a *Stuart* none should have a Place,
 But Patriots who Revere the *Stuart's* Race.

Upright like *Locks*, of unsuspected Truth,
 In old Age fervent, and resolv'd in Youth,
 Earnest for Bills would dissipate our Fears,
 And for the Church's Cause, beyond some M—tr'd P—s.

But

But it is not in Verse, to sing a Name,
 So known to Loyalty and dear to Fame,
 Thou Muse must sink beneath the rising Theme,
 And own it Soars above thy weak Esteem.

Like *N—ham* our *M—try* should wake,
 Weigh things before they Resolutions take,
 Cool in Debate, in Execution Swift,
 Above a Sordid Artifice or Shift.
 Though Senseless *Hymns* to *Victory* find Fault,
 And call that *Emptiness* that's Strength of Thought.
 This Minister some past Escapes might mend,
 Teach us how Politicks with Truth to blend,
 As in its Price *Hypocrisy* would fall,
 And learn to be for God or else for *Baal*.
 While none would follow *Æsop's Hermit's* Rule,
 Or with one Breath would Blow to heat or cool.

Nor

Nor should Fam'd S—mour's Worth neglected lie,
 S—mour's Retreating from the Publick Eye,
 The Court Enjoy'd him, He no Courts Enjoy'd,
 A President even now, tho' unemployed.

From him ye Men in Power Examples draw,
 From him to please, to Regulate and Awe;
 From him the strictest Sense of Loyalty and Law.

The Times may come, and I their coming Fear,
 When we shall want and wish that these wou'd steer,
 When we shall ask the Blessings we Refuse,
 And Reverence the Judgments we accuse,
 Ev'n as the Grecian Chiefs Achilles fought,
 Whose Arms succeeded not but while he Fought;
 Pensive and Sad that Injur'd Hero fate,
 Unmindful of the Glorious Work of Fate,

While

While those that wrong'd him his Assistance crav'd,
 And Kings in vain Petition'd to be sav'd,
 Till at his Friend *Patroclus's* Death, he rose
 To Mourn him Slain in Thousands of his Foes,
 Else *Argive* Arms no Conquest had Enjoy'd,
 Nor *Agamemnon* seen a *Troy* destroy'd.

Danubian Fields the *British* Ensigns own,
 And a Long March to Ages past unknown,
 Country's despoil'd, and Battles gain'd, confess,
 Unparallel'd Endeavours and Success;
 But we th' Effects to a wrong Cause Impute,
 And past Events to our Affections suit;
 No Thanks of Course are to their Counsels due,
 Tho' they Advis'd what March we should pursue,
 And 'twas Concerted long fore they from Courts with-
 drew.

Yet Malice at their Doors will have it lain,
 That *Portugal* submits her Towns to *Spain* ; That

That *English* and *Batavian* Troops were made

A Sacrifice for want of Timely Aid.

When, had *Iberian* Plains our Armies held,

And *Spaniards* been by *Portuguese* Expell'd,

They in the Glory ne're wou'd have their Shares,

Tho' now the whole Mismanagement is theirs.

But Muse from Vertue down to Vice proceed,

Nor sing of *Gold* when we of *Lead* should Read,

Thy Theme's of Courtest Mold, and let thy Lays

Blame what an honest Pen can never Praise.

Nor Courts, nor Cities ha'ft thou cause to Fear,

A Fool may be an Ald—man or P—r,

Of all Degrees and Stations may be found

Men of no Sense, or else of Sense unsound,

The Laity and Clergy sin alike,

And let thy Satyr on Both Orders strike.

If *Archives* Jolts about with heavy Skull,
 Why shouldst thou Dread to tell the World he's Dull;
 That Mists of Ignorance obscure him round,
 And the Priests Doctrines with the Priest Expound,
 Preferment such a P—— ought to flye,
 That gives his Oath E——-l the Lye,
 And would Conform with Nonconformity.
 If *Hylandras* a Priest of Muckle Brawn,
 Wears and depretiates the sacred *Lawn*,
 Dare thou to tell the Monster of his Crimes,
 And write Him down a Scandal to the *Times*,
 Haughty when undistinguish'd from the Crowd,
 And when a Poor Sir Crape of *Temper* Proud,
 Lustful and False, like all the Faithless Breed,
 That Starving seek Preferment o'er the *Tweed*.
 But now possess'd of what no Scot should hold,
 And made a Shepherd of a Mighty Fold,

Down he the Pales their sure Defence would raze,
 That *Calvin's* Herd might in their Meadows Graze.
 Since he such Proofs of *Pastoral Duty* gives,
 Fit for a Butcher's, not a B——'s Sleeves,
 Spare him not Satyr, Lash him with thy Rods,
 And tell the World who wash'd with Vinegre his Cods.

To make up a *Triumvirate* in Black,
 Pick out *Vigonius* from the Lukewarm Pack.
 A dreaming P—— of a Hoary Grace,
 Fretful in Mind, and of a Meagre Face.
 Translation made, from See to See to range,
 Ev'n in a Age that waits his final Change,
 Zealous in Vote to shew his want of Zeal;
 And Monarchy reduce to Commonweal,
 As he a *Presbyter* would chuse to be,
 Grant him but the Revenues of his See.

And made a shepherd of a Mighty Fold,

Ten more of their Complexion might be sung,
 But Thou must not the Laymen's Merits wrong,
 There are amongst that Order and Degree,
 Who, Satyr, may expect a Lash from Thee.

Not but among the Chiefs of *Levi's* Line,
 There are of Souls Intrepid and Divine,
 Tho' S—n—te House's Journals speak but Nine.
 Their Numbers are the least Phanaticks Boast,
 But all Things are not Best for being Most;
 Increase of Worth atones for want of Tale,
 And Diamonds beyond *Bristol-Stones* prevail,
 One being worth a Thousand at a Sale.
 To these in general thy Thanks belong,
 But one particularly claims thy Song,
 A Mitred Hero of a Patriarch's Age,
 Like *Moses* Meek, with *Moses's* holy Rage.

A hundred Winters on his Head have snow'd,
 Yet Chill not, but Inflamm'd his Ardor for his God.

Methinks I see him in his Litter come,
 Double the Miles that he's Years old from Home,
 Worn out with Pains, Decrepid, and Infirm,
 Yet Journeying at *Eusebius* just Alarm,
 As he through Roads Impervious is drawn,
 To save the Calflock, and preserve the Lawn.

Oh had he but *Eusebia* righted seen,
 Like holy *Simcon*, *Landaff* had been,
 Entranc'd and Raptur'd at the Glorious Scene,
 His *Nunc dimittis* had with Joy been Sung,
 Since 'twas for Her Defence he liv'd so long,
 And but for Her, he'd beg'd his Soul's Release,
 And Pray'd it might long since depart in Peace.

As he with *Simeon* might Translated be,
And change for Heavenly Thrones his Earthly See.

Equestrius should of thy Remarks partake,
A P—— Prefer'd for Ignorance's sake,
A Laughing Noble, and a Leaden Tool,
Great in Descent, and Little in his Soul,
Searching for Plots which Fly his vain Pursuit,
And a Wiseman when in Committees Mute.
Tho' some there are that use Expressions coarse,
And say he has less Knowledge than his *Horse*.

Derbelon too shou'd in thy Numbers share,
Of Noble Presence and Majestick Air,
Born to attract, and all Affections win,
All fair without, if not all foul within,
Hoary in Years, yet Youthful in Desire,
And laying-out for Maidenheads at Hire,

If such can be in this Degenerate Age,
 Or Maids at Sixteen now can Tread the Stage,
 As by their Sides he glimmers in Decay,
 And gives 'em wherewithal young Folks to pay.

The fair is Wife and Honest all must own,
 But Gifts un-us'd, are ev'n as good as none;
 He has it in his Pow'r to Chuse the Best,
 And *Davenant's* double Dealing should detest,
 Two Parties should not in one Court abide,
 Siding with Both, he is of neither Side,

Proud *Hallafron* from Courts should be Expell'd,
 If we would have the Reins securely held,
 Since, while Republicans Great Posts attain,
 We settle the Succession in vain.

A Squab of Quality, whose Boasted Sense
 Reaches not Farther than a Mood and Tense,

The Theme and Idol of the Rhiming Tribe,
 For they are always Best, that best can Bribe,
 Remov'd from College to the Council-Board,
 Design'd a Priest, and Fashion'd to a Lord.

Vertigo's Witty, Resolute, and Brave,
 Of Years enough to be Sedate and Grave;
 But those who gave Advice he should be sent,
 To govern a Remoter Continent,
 Shou'd first have weigh'd his Temper to a Hair,
 And found what all his Passions truly were.
 They might have known his fluctuating Mind,
 Content with Nothing, tho' to all Inclined;
 Uneasy still to thrust into a Post,
 Yet still uneasy till that Post is lost,
 Factious, and Gaping for a Breach of Law,
 That he may feign once more to drink the Spaw,

To

To put Seditious Thoughts in Execution,
 And bring about another Revolution.
 These things Consider'd right, the Government
 Had sav'd Five thousand Pounds, which now are spent,
 And some in Publick Stations ne're had Tripp'd,
 By suffering Publick Coffers to be Stripp'd
 And Naked, that this L—d might be Equipp'd.

None but will think that *Sylvio* might be spar'd,
 That has of *Enfield Chase* his Rapines heard,
 And yet his Name in C—cil Book remains,
 His Office gone, his Honour he retains,
 And he's not Punish'd for unlawful Gains.
 But thought devoid of Intellectuals sits,
 Among our Sages and our Choicest Wits.
Guantelion's does resemble *Sylvio's* Case,
 The same in Power, tho' not the same in Place,

A Man grown Popular for being Ill,
 Of stubborn Soul, and Avaritious Will,
 Govern'd by Lust, Vindictive in his Rage,
 And fit to make a Sportfman, not a Sage.

How can we hope for Help from Pow'rs Divine,
 When such direct our Councils and our Coin?
 When our Exchequer's trusted to their Care,
 And they possess the Sinews of the War.
 To Joy in such a Ministry, would be
 To Gratulate Mismanagements at Sea,
 To wish Success to Count Tholouse his Elect,
 And Fire the *Temer* Guns for being Beat.

Nor does in Courts alone th' Infection spread,
 The City Multiplies the Growth of Lead,
Faction Contends and Stickles for the Chair,
 And who wou'd thought Sir O—n cou'd be Mayor.

A Milk and Mackeril T—, that ne're would fail
 Church-Men t' Imprison, and *De F—* to Bail.
 A Gossiping Sir *Harry* that will Game,
 And Wager down his Money with his Fame.
 A Sanctify'd Sir *William*, that will Stir,
 And Form Cabals amongst the Men of Fur,
 Treat 'em with Costly Meats and *Highgate* Air,
 Their *Voices*, not their *Stomachs* to Prepare;
 While the good Knight Sir *Robert* with him joyns,
 And for the City, *Bleachingly* Resigns.

In Case of Need a *Numskull* will attend,
 And fling 'em in a Bagg the *Faction* to befrend,
 For Money can Prodigious Things Perform,
 And though his Kitchen's cool, his Zeal is warm.

Sir

Sir R—— too is at their Service known,
 A Man for all Religions but his own;
 Sprung from the Clergy's Loyns that gave him Life,
 And Haughty to all People but his Wife,
 Who Rules both Soul and Body too by Force,
 And shews us the *Grey Mare's the Better Horse*.

Amongst 'em we may Range the Sage R———,
 To prove Conformity is downright Murder;
 Since he long since has giv'n us Cause for Laughter,
 By saying *Killing Horses was Manslaughter*.

But Muse, take Heed of Scandal, and forbear
 Some of these Men have Slept within the Chair,
 Have Cough'd in Scarlet, and on Custards Fed,
 When Thou perhaps hast made a Meal of Bread;

Yet

Yet thou may'st wish, and Heav'n succeed thy Prayers,
 That Church Men may be Statesmen, and be Mayors,
 That Hypocrites may lessen and Decrease,
 And a Rough War be smooth'd with Gentle Peace,
 While better Subjects govern in their stead,
 And *Golden Days* succeed an *Age of Lead*.

Amongst em we may range the Sage R—
 To prove Conformity is downright Murder;
~~Since he long since has given us Cause for laughter,~~
 By saying Killing Hoyses was Manslaughter.
 But Mule, take Heed of Scandal, and forbear
 Some of these Men have slept within the Chair,
 Have Cough'd on Scholars, and on Counsellors Bed,
 When Thou perhaps hast made a Meal of Bread;